FROM THE HOLY LAND

– John Cogley

THE

Commonweal

The Incarnation and The East

by Bede Griffiths

Postscript to War

by George P. Carlin

Volume LIX, No. 12 December 25, 1953 Twenty Cents

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And she brought forth her firstborn son,
and wrapped him in swaddling
clothes, and laid him in a
manger, because there was no
room for them in the inn.
St. Luke 2:7
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THIS WEEK

Week by Week 295

The Incarnation and the East
by Bede Griffiths 298

Postcript to War
by George P. Carlin 301

Weeping Women, Angry Men
by John Cogley 304

The Stage
by Richard Hayes 306

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 306

Communications 307

The Intuition of Jacques Maritain
by William P. Clancy 309

Book Reviews 311

THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

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Published weekly, printed and copyrighted 1953, in the U. S. A. by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y., MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

U. S. and Canada, $7 a year. Foreign, $8. Single copies, 25c.

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THE
Commonweal
week by week

CHRISTMAS PROVIDES A GLIMPSE

IT IS a disquieting thought that such vast numbers of our fellow men, East and West, and even in our own country, fail to recognize that certain tremendous spiritual realities actually exist. Yet these entities are here regardless of their lack of recognition in the world. Christianity is a living tradition that has been handed down unbroken by succeeding generations since the time of Christ. It embodies the conviction that man's true end is union with God here and hereafter and the goal of society is the establishment of God's kingdom of justice and peace. It is nourished by a constant awareness of the great feasts of the Christian year.

There is little evidence that this tradition vitally informs our manner of living up and down America, or that for many it supplies the motivation or the dominant object in life. The realm of prayer is widely held to be of little consequence. But despite this fact, the Mass, the Sacrifice of Calvary itself, is being continuously offered somewhere in the world, bringing to men its inexhaustible treasures of mediation and of grace.

Moreover, most Americans seem to find a vocation to the religious life a phenomenon explicable only in terms of some sort of previous frustration. Monasteries and convents are viewed as havens for men and women who have suffered bitter disappointment in love or abandoned hope in their prospects for marriage. The desire for closer union with God, and all that communities dedicated simply to praising God do for the world, remain largely ignored—together with the zeal of the Catholic missioner who leaves far behind the good things of home, family and neighborhood friendship.

If the Nativity is a historic fact, it is (with the Crucifixion and the Resurrection) the central fact of history. It has repercussions on all branches of knowledge and activity. It provides a basic motivation in education at all levels. It imparts to every human person a dignity which should be proof against encroachments by the State. Everything hinges on the historicity of the glad tidings of Bethlehem.

And it is at Christmas, at least in the West, that men get a glimpse of spiritual realities that the world normally tends to ignore. The carols in the streets and over the air waves may appear to have a certain medieval quaintness about them, but they have achieved a familiar and honored place in our contemporary culture. The exchanging of Christmas gifts and greetings and the spirit of general good feeling that wells up in men's hearts each Christmas give intimations of the abiding spirt of brotherly love which unfailingly ought to be the mark of every Christian. There is of course plenty of commercialization about, as is found at many of the major shrines of Christendom, but even this cannot shut out the awe-inspiring yet humanly appealing reality.

CHRISTMAS is pre-eminently a season of hope —a joyful reminder that Christ once came to this earth in person and that He is with us always; the feast of the Nativity is likewise the promise of His long-awaited Second Coming. It is the season during which the Church throughout the world gives voice to its joy in devotion and to its hopes, to cite one of the many meaningful Christmas texts: "Every day, dearly beloved, and at all seasons, the birth of Our Lord and Savior from His Virgin Mother comes to the mind of the faithful when meditating on divine things. So that when the soul is lifted up in the worship of its Maker, whether it sighs in supplication, rejoices in praise, or offers sacrifice, there is nothing which it sets itself to consider more frequently or more confidently than the fact that God, the Son of God, begotten of the co-eternal Father, was also born by a human birth. But this nativity which is being adored in heaven and on earth, is brought before us today above all days, and while a new and radiant light shines forth in the heavens, the brightness of the wondrous mystery is perceived even by our senses . . ." (Pope Saint Leo IV, Matins for December 30).

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THE BROTHERHOOD OF FEAR

A NEW year in a darkened century will soon be here. It will almost certainly be a decisive year for the deepest crisis of the century—the crisis of destruction, the crisis of atomic energy. In the course of this new year, President Eisenhower's plan for the partial pooling of atomic resources will be rejected or accepted by the Soviet Union. The President's proposal: "The governments principally involved, to the extent permitted by ordinary prudence, to begin now and continue to make joint contributions from their stockpiles of normal uranium and fissionable materials to an atomic energy agency . . . set up under the aegis of the UN. . . . The responsibility of this atomic energy agency would be to devise methods whereby this fissionable material would be allocated to serve the peaceful pursuits of mankind. . . ."

Since the failure of the Baruch Plan for international control of atomic energy, we have been held in a apocalyptic fascination, the future of atomic power seen either in catastrophe or in a kind of international control which everyone knew to be unrealizable so long as the Soviet Union remained what it is. Mr. Eisenhower's proposal broke that hypnosis like a slap. His policy is indeed something new, and something wholly admirable, wholly creative. It asks of the Soviet Union not a revolutionary change, nor even an expression of good will. It asks them only to make a guarded concession to self-preservation.

The Eisenhower plan is notable too for combining the best sort of American altruism, the quality which produced and sustained the idealism of Wilson's and Roosevelt's war aims and the Marshall Plan and Point Four, with the hard pragmatism of traditional diplomacy. The combination is one not often before found in American policy; it is a source of new hope. The atomic materials allocated to the international authority by the great powers will be used by the organization in those parts of the world where they can accomplish the greatest good. Atomic energy will no longer be the captive of war, but will produce power in places where there are no other large sources of power. It will be used in medicine and in agriculture. It will deliver to small nations the heritage of nuclear fission.

If the Soviet Union is willing to enter this international pool of atomic energy, we will have found a touch of common ground in common fear. Slight as it might be, it would be a crack of understanding, like light, and might presage more. In short, while we are unable to live together, we might agree not to die together. The new year may be one in which we find a brotherhood in fear.

NEXT WEEK

JOHN COGLEY reports from Jordan, analyzing the Israel-Arab conflict.

"The Arabs will not be rushed into a final Palestine settlement. The present plight of the refugees is certainly painful, but when people say that the Arab governments are lacking in human feeling and *use* the refugees' plight for their own political ends, they are only half right. What is involved is not so much a cynical use of suffering as patient use of time. The refugees themselves are willing to invest their suffering as well as their time in the cause which now unites all Arabs. There are different kinds of heroism. The Israelis are justly proud of the valor of their soldiers; but the Arab strategy of heroic waiting may yet eventually triumph. At least the Arabs are willing to gamble on its winning. . . . "

SEGREGATION AT THE BAR

THURGOOD Marshall is the attorney who recently argued before the Supreme Court against the constitutionality of racial segregation in the public schools. Counsel for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Mr. Marshall in his own person symbolizes rather well the history of race relations in this country. His great-great-grandfather was brought to Maryland as a slave. His father was a steward in an exclusive country club. Mr. Marshall himself worked his way through school as a baker and dining-car waiter, eventually winning his law degree at Howard University in Washington. In his life story one has something of a capsule history of the Negro in the United States: great achievement, made despite great handicaps.

If Mr. Marshall wins his case against segregation in the schools, he will have won a great victory. Segregation is a millstone around the neck of the American Negro who suffers it. To an almost equal extent it is an economic drag on the South which canonizes it.

Segregation means duplication. It means two drinking fountains where one would do; two waiting rooms where one is ample; two restrooms where one is needed; two schools where one is enough. The social cost of segregation is harsh and obvious; the dollars-and-cents cost is not so frequently remarked, but it is real, and the South cannot afford it.

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Undoubtedly this dollars-and-cents factor in segregation is one major reason why "separate but equal" facilities exist only in theory. Here the fight against segregation has already had one good effect; some Southern states have recently begun to spend heavily for Negro schools, in an effort to bolster their "separate but equal" argument before the Supreme Court. But welcome as such improvements are, in our opinion the fact of compulsory segregation is itself unjust and unconstitutional. If the decision of the Supreme Court is based on purely constitutional grounds and does not avoid the main point, it is hard to see how its decision can go any other way.

Such decisions are rarely based solely on legal grounds, however. Among the pressures brought to bear on the Court in this case have been statements by such Southern Governors as James F. Byrnes of South Carolina and Herman E. Talmadge of Georgia, both of whom have said that they will turn the public school system in their states over to private control rather than abolish segregation. But although such remarks have been widely publicized, there is considerable doubt that Governors Talmadge and Byrnes can actually speak for the South on this matter. Seventeen states and the District of Columbia have laws which require Negroes to attend separate schools. Four other states have laws which permit segregation in the public schools. In most of these states, in our opinion, the public will abide by a decision of the Supreme Court and will conform to its ruling in an orderly and law-abiding fashion.

Every frontal assault on interracial injustice is greeted beforehand with dire predictions; few of the horrible things predicted actually take place. In such matters, attention has to be paid to questions of timing and prudent application. But such considerations should not be allowed to obscure the central fact: Compulsory segregation is clearly unjust and undemocratic; it should be eliminated as rapidly and effectively as possible.

The Supreme Court is not expected to render a decision in this case for some months. We look forward with confidence to a decision that will remove one more important barrier from the path of U.S. Negro citizens.

THE POPE AND RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE

EARLY last summer Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, publicly chided certain American Catholics for questioning the traditional "error has no rights" Church-State theory. Shortly afterward the New York *Times* published a story which quoted "The Vatican" as saying that though Cardinal Ottaviani's views on this subject were neither "official or semi-official" they were, nevertheless, "unexceptionable."

A storm immediately broke. Critics of Catholic "power" saw in the *Times* story a confirmation of their worst fears. The official intolerance of the Catholic position seemed to them proved, once and for all, in the "unexceptionable" label put on Cardinal Ottaviani's remarks.

We commented at the time that the storm seemed unnecessary. No Catholic, we said, could deny that Cardinal Ottaviani's views represented the traditional Catholic Church-State position. Those Catholics who oppose the traditional view, we pointed out, "do not take 'exception' to its orthodoxy," but only to the wisdom of applying it in the modern State.

"The classic position on the 'Catholic State' may once have been apposite and suitable to a sacral civilization," we wrote, "and it is, indeed, still orthodox and logical as a textbook position. But it seems to many . . . useless and even harmful if applied in the twentieth century—and this whether it be applied in the United States or Spain."

Pope Pius XII recently enunciated two principles which seem to strengthen this view. Speaking before an audience from the fifth national convention of the Union of Italian Catholic Jurists, the Holy Father dealt with the problems of religious liberty in the community of nations. The two principles he laid down are: "First, what does not correspond to truth and the moral norm objectively has no right either to existence, to propaganda, or to action. Second, nevertheless, in the interest of a higher and broader good, it is justifiable not to impede this error by state laws and coercive measures."

"The duty to repress religion and moral deviation," the Pope declared, "cannot . . . be an ultimate norm for action. It must be subordinated to higher and more general norms, which in some circumstances permit and even make it perhaps appear as the better part not to impede error in order to promote a greater good."

The Church must always condemn error; it must always deny that error, as error, has rights. But these principles, eternally valid in the abstract order, cannot be the "ultimate norm" used by Catholics in determining the problems of religious freedom. Here "higher and more general norms" may prevail. It is on this basis that twentieth century Catholics have attempted the formulation of a Church-State position pertinent to the realities of their age. The Pope seems now to have affirmed that their attempts have a firm basis in principle.

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The Incarnation and the East

"THE INCARNATION DOES NOT AFFECT MAN AS AN INDIVIDUAL ALONE; IT AFFECTS THE WHOLE OF HUMAN CULTURE AND CIVILIZATION."

BEDE GRIFFITHS

TO believe in the Incarnation is to believe not merely that God became man, but that God became man at a certain time and in a certain place. It is to believe that the Divine has entered human history and given it a new meaning and a new direction. It was no accident that Christ was born in Judaea, when Herod was king, and Augustus was Emperor. He came in his own words when "the time had been fulfilled," at the moment which Saint Paul was to call the "fulfillment of history." The whole history of the world had been leading up to this point and the whole of history since that time is determined by it. For the Incarnation does not affect man as an individual alone; it affects the whole of human culture and civilization.

This can be seen in the first great crisis in Christianity, which is reflected in the New Testament. Up till this time the Divine Revelation had been confined to the Jews. The Jewish culture had remained a thing rigidly apart, strenuously fighting for its own tradition and refusing all but the minimum contact with the Greek and Roman world. With the coming of Christ this barrier was broken down; "He made of the two nations [Jew and Gentile] one," as Saint Paul said, "breaking down the wall that was between them." Thus with Christianity the Hebrew tradition entered into the inheritance of the Graeco-Roman world, and it is to the fertilizing contact of these two cultures that the Church owes her liturgy and theology and canon law.

The next great crisis in the history of the Church was that of the Barbarian invasions of the fifth and sixth centuries. Having assimilated the culture of Greece and Rome, the Church was faced with the hosts of "barbarians," Goths, Lombards, Franks, Saxons, living outside the borders of the Roman Empire. Again it was the fusion of these two cultures, the Graeco-Roman culture of the Church and the primitive but strong and deep culture of the barbarians, which produced the civilization of the Middle Ages.

Thus the Incarnation set in motion a development of history by which the Roman Empire became Christian and then, with the conversion of the barbarians, first of the Western nations and then of the Eastern Slavs, the whole of Europe. The Incarnation, we may say, was extended to the whole of Europe; for the Church is nothing else, in Bossuet's words, than Jesus Christ extended to mankind.

The next phase in this development of history came with the Renaissance and the discovery of America. Another continent was added to the sphere of the Incarnation. At the same time there was the beginning of missionary endeavor, with Saint Francis Xavier, in the Far East. It is true that there had been Christians in India from an early time and that there were Nestorian Christians in China in the seventh and eighth centuries, but one cannot speak of a real cultural contact of Christianity with China and India at this time. But can we speak of any real cultural fusion of Christianity with the people of the Far East even at the present time? It is a remarkable fact that in spite of Christian missions over a period of four centuries, Christianity has still only touched the fringe of the civilization of the Far East.

WHAT is the reason for this? It is surely the fact that Christianity has been presented to these people in a form of Western culture. It has never penetrated the inner life and thought of the East. In spite of the great effort of the Jesuit missionaries, Ricci in China and De Nobili in India, to adopt an Eastern form of life, the Western influence has prevailed, and until recently scarcely any vital contact has been established.

Thus it is left for us at the present day to face the next great crisis in the history of Christianity, the extension of the Incarnation to the East. Christ has become incarnate in Europe and America; He has still to become incarnate in Asia and Africa. Africa, however, does not present such a serious problem; for the native cultures in Africa are not sufficiently strong to demand any great modification of the form in which Christianity is presented to them. But the civilization of China and India is not only of the great-

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est antiquity but also culturally the most profound which the Church has encountered since the first days of her mission in the Roman Empire.

It is a remarkable fact, as Karl Jaspers has pointed out in *The Origin and Goal of History,* that in the sixth century before Christ a movement of thought took place which was to shape the destiny of the greater part of mankind for all future time. It was the time of the Hebrew Prophets and the first Greek philosophers in Europe, of Gautama Buddha and the beginning of Hindu philosophy in India, of Lao-Tzu and Confucius in China. Each of these movements seems to have risen spontaneously without contact with the others and each developed along its own lines so as to form a separate culture. At a certain point, as we have said, the Greek and the Hebrew traditions met and blended, and in the same way with the spread of Buddhism in China and Japan, the Indian and Chinese traditions were fused. But until the present day there has been no comparable fusion of the Eastern and the Western traditions.

THIS, then, would seem to be the problem with which we are faced today. We realize, as never before, that we belong to "one world." Politically and economically, no one nation can stand apart from the rest. At the same time during the last fifty years the wisdom of the East has become known to us, as it had never been known before. A book like Aldous Huxley's *Perennial Philosophy,* with its very valuable bibliography, shows how far the fusion of Eastern and Western thought has already gone on a more or less popular level. Mr. Huxley's conception of the relation between Eastern and Western thought, like that of René Guenon, Coomaraswamy, and other exponents of Eastern tradition, is, of course, not satisfactory from a Christian point of view, but it puts the problem before us in all its urgency.

We are faced with a tradition of philosophy and mysticism, of art and morality, of a richness and depth not excelled, and perhaps not equalled, by the tradition of Greek culture which the Church encountered in the Roman Empire. What then is our attitude towards it to be? It is clear that we cannot simply reject it. The attempt to impose an alien culture on the East has proved a failure. There are no doubt elements in this tradition which we may have to reject, just as the Church had to reject certain elements in the Greek tradition. But what is required of us is something much more difficult. It is an effort of discrimination, such as the Greek Fathers from Clement and Origen to Gregory of Nyssa and Dionysius the Areopagite undertook, not merely rejecting what is wrong but assimilating all that is true in a vital act of creative thought.

It was by this creative energy that the structure of theology was built up by the Greek Fathers, gradually assimilating the principles of Platonic philosophy until they had been incorporated into the very tissue of Christian thought and life. In the same way we know how Saint Thomas and Saint Bonaventure in the Middle Ages took up the thought of Aristotle and built that also into the structure of Catholic theology. It is also important to remember how very great was the influence of the Arabian philosophers, Avicenna and Averroes, on the mind of Saint Thomas, so that a vital contact was made at this point between the Christian and the Islamic tradition.

WE have, therefore, in Christian history the evidence of a continuous movement of assimilation, by means of which different forms of culture have been integrated into the Christian tradition, to guide us in our attitude to the cultures of the East. This process of assimilation may extend not only to modes of thought but also to forms of worship. The best example of this is the development of the Slavonic liturgy in the ninth century with Saint Cyril and Saint Methodius. It is possible that we may see a corresponding development in China. We know that permission for a Chinese rite was granted in the seventeenth century, though it was afterwards unfortunately withdrawn; and Abbot Lou, the great Chinese convert, who became a monk of Saint André in Belgium, was of the opinion that China would never be wholly converted to Catholicism until a Chinese rite was again permitted. This is, however, a matter in which it is difficult to judge. What is certain is that there will have to be a contact between Chinese and Christian thought on a deep level, before the Chinese mind will ever become Christian. Abbot Lou suggested the foundation of a Chinese college in Rome, at which both the Chinese could study Catholic theology and Catholics, in turn, could become acquainted with the Chinese classics.

The same process is obviously required in our approach to India. There is need for a profound study of the doctrine of the Upanishads and of the whole tradition of the Vedanta, and also of Buddhist thought of both the Hinayana and the Mahayana schools. It may be mentioned that a very remarkable beginning has been made in this direction by the Jesuit Father Johanns at Ranchi with his work *To Christ Through*

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the Vedanta. In this he has shown how if we introduce into the system of the Vedanta the idea of *creatio ex nihilo* which is lacking in it, the whole system can be incorporated into Catholic theology with results as profound as those which were brought about by the incorporation of Aristotle by Saint Thomas.

This is a work which will require the greatest discretion. We cannot afford to reject any of our Western heritage, as it took shape in the thought of Saint Thomas, but at the same time we have to open our minds to what will be a genuine development of Thomism, bringing out vast potentialities which are latent in it. There is already much that is common to the Western tradition based on Plato and Aristotle and the Eastern tradition both of China and India. What is required is a meeting of the two traditions at a deep level of understanding, so that their full potentialities can be realized. This will require on our part a real effort to assimilate the mode of Eastern thought, for Eastern thought differs from our own most of all in its mode. Whereas Western thought tends to be rational and discursive, Eastern thought is intuitive and contemplative. The one is the product of the *animus* the other of the *anima.* The difference is therefore primarily psychological.

The meeting of the Eastern and the Western minds will thus be a true marriage of East and West, the masculine mind of the West meeting with the feminine mind of the East in a fertile union. But if the union is to be really fruitful, it will require a generous giving of self on either part. For a long time now the West has taken the path of extroversion. We have concentrated on science and mechanics and all forms of rational philosophy. We stand in desperate need of the opposite process of introversion, of intuitive thought and interior life such as the East can teach us. On the other hand, the East is now turning to our Western civilization, whether in its Communist or its capitalist form, and is in danger of losing its own roots in tradition. The meeting of East and West which we have in mind, therefore, will be a return of both to what is deepest in their own tradition, the recovery of their roots in the past.

THE advantage which we ourselves may hope to gain from this is immense. There are already a great number of people in the West who owe their conversion to Christianity to the discovery of Eastern thought. It would seem that the superficial manner in which the Christian faith is often presented has driven many people away from the Church, and it has required the contact with the mind of the East to make them realize the deeper aspect of Christianity.

For those who already possess the Faith, the deepening of their life of prayer and the enlargement of their insight into the mysteries of the Faith can be considerable. But if Eastern thought is to have this effect upon us, we have to approach it with great reverence. We must realize that the tradition of the East embodies what is practically a revelation of God to mankind. It is derived from that primitive revelation of God in the order of nature, which was made to man in the beginning, and was renewed in the covenant with Noah. For Noah is the Father not only of the Jews but also of the Gentiles; he is a type with Melchisedech and Job, of that primitive religion which existed all over the world before the election of the Jews and the special Revelation made to them. Though this primitive revelation has been obscured and distorted in some respects, it remains nevertheless at the basis of the Eastern tradition.

We have, therefore, not merely to impose a Western religion on the people of the East, but to show them that their religion finds its true fulfillment in Christ.

Clement of Alexandria maintained that what the Law was to the Jews, philosophy was to the Greeks—a "pedagogue" to lead them to Christ. We may say the same of the great philosophical traditions of India and China. The Buddha, Confucius and Lao Tzu were genuine precursors, as Guardini has said, preparing the mind of the East for the coming of Christ. It is through them that the people of the East have up till this time received the light and grace of Christ.

This then is the new light of the Incarnation for which we have to look at the present day. Christ has to become incarnate in the East, not as a Western teacher come to destroy what they have learned from tradition, but as He came to the Jews, as the fulfillment of all their hopes and desires. Doubtless this will present the same test for the East as it presented to the Jews. There will be the temptation to cling to the old forms and refuse to allow them to grow into the new life which Christ brings. But there must be nothing

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done on our part, as far as we are able, to alienate Christ from them. We have to remember that Christ belongs neither to the West nor to the East. By Divine Providence He was born between East and West, and belonged to a people which could mediate between the two. Our religion is not Western in its essence, nor is it Eastern. It transcends the division of East and West, and offers the one ground on which the two can be united.

We must always remember the words of Pope Benedict XV: "The Catholic Church is neither Latin or Greek or Slav, but universal." There has been a Latin and a Greek and a Slav Catholicism, all differing profoundly in their forms of worship and their mode of thought, and yet essentially one in their faith and communion in the One Body of Christ. There is no reason why there should not be a Chinese and an Indian and perhaps also an African Catholicism differing no less profoundly, and yet no less essentially one. For Christ must become incarnate among all men, revealing Himself to each people as the fulfillment of its own deepest aspiration and at the same time bringing it into the unity of the whole body of mankind. For in the words of Père de Lubac, "Christ is the 'form' which humanity must put on in order that it may truly be itself."

JAPANESE LETTERS

Postscript to War

GEORGE P. CARLIN

IN Japan I often heard of a book made up of letters written by soldiers, most of them members of the Special Attack Corps. These were the Kamikaze or, as we called them, "the suicide pilots." Recently a friend sent me a copy of the book in Japanese with several of the letters translated.

If the book were published in English, it might reveal to us much about the Japanese. The "suicide pilots" were taken from the cream of Japanese youth, the bravest and the best. Many of them were students attending Imperial University, Waseda College and others, which were the Yale, Harvard and Princeton of Japan.

The letters reflect movingly the tragedy of war, and perhaps most of all that wars are fought by young men at a time when life is just opening up and is most dear. The following, for example, was written by Ichizo Hayashi, a student of economics at Kyoto University, who as a member of the Special Attack Corps was killed in the battle for Okinawa. His age was twenty-one. The letter was to his mother, written two days before he flew off on a mission to attack elements of the U. S. Fleet:

> Finally the time has come for me to write the last letter to you. Looking back I was really happy together with you. You have given me all freedom without hesitation. Please forgive me for my childish and thoughtless behavior.
>
> It is a great honor that I have been selected as a member of the Special Attack Corps, but when I think of you, I can not help but cry. You have brought me up hoping that I would make a success of the future. That makes it harder for me to die before I can make you happy and relieve your worries. . . .
>
> I am writing this letter expecting my final mission the day after tomorrow. Now I am hoping I may be able to fly over Hakata [his home town], so that I can say goodbye to you in my heart from far above in the sky. . . .
>
> Once in a while I get a bad idea that I would like to come home beside you, but this is of course a very bad thing to think about. When I was baptized I was told to "die," was I not? And I was also told that even if I were killed by a bullet shot by an American soldier, I would die in the hands of my Savior. Now I am remembering these words very clearly. Yes, everything is in the hands of God. Life or death does not matter in this world when guided by God, does it, Mother? Isn't it true that Jesus prayed, "Be it done unto Me according to Thy word?" I am reading the Bible every day, because when I am reading it I feel like I am with you. I will dive

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Mr. Carlin is at present a member of the staff of the Long Island Star Journal.

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into the American fleet with the Bible and the Hymnal, and besides I will take along the missionary badge the schoolmaster gave me and also Omamori [a relic said to protect servicemen] you gave me. . . .

I am asking a friend Umeno to give this letter to you, but please do not show this to anyone else. I believe I should be ashamed of myself writing a letter like this. That I am going to die soon seems to me a matter of someone else. I feel that I can see you someday soon. Thinking that I can never see you makes me so miserable.

The next is from Tatsuo Miyazaki, age twenty-five, a student of anthropology at Tokyo University, who was drafted in June, 1944 and sent to the Philippines in September, 1944. The letter is to his mother and father, written as a dedication to them:

Reflecting on the by-gone, Father and Mother: you brought me up in the past to which my memories reach back. It is your endless love shown toward me that is passing anew in my mind. Many fond memories of far, far away are vividly coming up in my heart. But what is oppressing my heart most is my frequently inconsiderate behavior. How many times did I promise to myself to become a good son and how many times did I secretly shed tears for being a bad son. I really do not know how much I made you suffer and how much I made you miserable because of my selfishness and thoughtlessness. . . . Yet, you poured your broad understanding over me.

Father and Mother, only you are the ones who have inspired in me faith in the strength of justice and awakened in me the beauty of sincerity. . . . I deeply believe that the reason I have been able to find true friends and that I can enjoy the pure happiness of being liked by the younger boys is merely due to your way of bringing me up.

And also you are the ones more than anybody else who gave me strong encouragement as well as your deep understanding and warm sympathy when I decided to major in anthropology and do my research in Moslemism, which very few ever take up. Thus I was able to have the rare opportunity in this world of having shared happiness and pleasure in my small accomplishments and the little progress of my work.

Today, I have come to a decision about my life-long companion through your help and understanding. This news can be only a small but true gift from your undeserving son.

Mother and Father, I, from the deepest bottom of my heart, wish both of you the best fate in the world and please receive this humble gift of mine.

With my endless gratitude, I dedicate this to you,

Tatsuo.

The letter was written in June, 1944. He died a year later of wounds received near Manila on June 20, 1945.

THE next selection was written by Yasuharu Iwaya, a graduate of Shizuoka Normal School in 1943, also a draftee. He was killed en route to the Philippines when a transport sank in 1944. He was nineteen years old. The following is an entry in his diary, made while still in school:

I will be drafted in March of next year and that day is coming nearer and nearer every day. News of the fierce fighting around Bougainville Island is reported in today's paper: considerable damage to a larger type of transport, sinking of a cruiser, etc.

Why do people have to die swallowed underneath the waves of the ocean? Only Japanese mourn the death of Japanese; only foreign people the deaths of their people.

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Why? Why cannot human beings share happiness and unhappiness together? Pacifist—the word has a great meaning to a coward like me!

Because they are foreigners the Japanese can disregard their deaths? How much I try to understand it, and yet I cannot. It is said that the Japanese are proud of themselves; "I, the scion of the Imperial Dynasty, am glad I was born. . . ." [from an ancient Japanese poem]. But how about the pride of other people?

Pathetic is the fate of the people who die of exhaustion after swimming in the sea three or four days to be saved—having lost the power to think, but struggling to live, and finally the heart ceasing to beat. . . .

Death comes to everyone—death as if something that has been there suddenly emerges from the unconsciousness. If I ever meet death at sea, would that death come to me unconsciously?

And the last is an excerpt from a letter written by Ryokji Uehara, an economics student at Keio University, drafted in December, 1943, and killed in Okinawa while a member of the Special Attack Corps. He was twenty-two. The letter was written on the eve of his final mission.

I believe that my honor has never been greater than since having been selected as a member of the Army Special Attack Corps.

But love for freedom is an essential characteristic of human beings and no one can take it away from them. I believe, as Benedetto Croce said, that although freedom seems to be oppressed at one time, it is always struggling underneath and finally will win. The authoritarian countries may rise for a short time but it is a fact that those countries will be beaten at the final moment. We can see plainly a good example of this among the Axis countries in the present World War. What about Italy? The Germany of Nazism has already lost the war. The countries of authoritarianisms are now crumbling down one after another like buildings with weak foundations.

My ambition to make my beloved country become a great empire like Great Britain is already in vain. . . . Japanese who could walk anywhere in the world, freely—this was the ideal I dreamt.

Truly a friend of mine once said that the pilot of the Special Attacks Corps is only an

instrument. Yes, he who handles the steering rod is an instrument without feeling, personality, or reasoning. He is merely an iron atom in the magnet which is attracted to the enemy aircraft-carrier. He can never be understood by reasoning and might be called a "suicider," as he is often termed. But probably this can only be understood in a spiritual country like Japan. We, as an instrument, have no right to say anything; but sincerely I would like to plead to the Japanese people to make Japan a truly great nation some day.

My death may be worthless if I go on a mission in this mental condition. I merely take this [mission] as an honor for having been selected as a member of the Special Attack Corps, as I said in the beginning.

In the airplane I am nothing but an instrument, but on the ground I am a human being who has feeling and emotion. When my beloved one died, I died also . . . spiritually at the same time. Now there is one in heaven who is waiting for me to come. When I think of my meeting her in heaven, death does not bother me at all because it is only a step toward heaven.

Tomorrow is the day of the mission. My words are too extreme to be opened in public, but the above is what I believe without falsity and please excuse my disorderly statement. Tomorrow there will be one less liberal in this world. He may look lonely seen in the past, but he may at least himself have full satisfaction in his heart.

Goodby.

And so the young Japanese flew out into the "Marianas Turkey Shoot," into air battles fought in incomparably lovely Pacific skies, meeting the young lions from the United States in acrobatics, chasing tail-to-tail, guns blasting, plummeting like wounded birds, trailing black clouds to the sea below. All hoped that some day things might be better. . . .

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FROM JERUSALEM

Weeping Women, Angry Men

I AM writing this from a hotel room in Arab Jerusalem. Here one can look out the window and see the electric lights of the Israeli half of the city. In between there is a no-man's-land which is heavily mined. Clearly, all is not peaceful in Jerusalem, the City of Peace. The atmosphere is tense and expectant. Everyone says that something has to happen soon. The Arab refugees are beginning their sixth year living in flimsy tents; their anger is bitter and their hopes dim. That anger, of course, is directed not only against Israel and the Israelis but against England and the United States. They hold that the policies of the Anglo-American alliance are responsible for their plight.

All day today we drove around the tense border villages, passing a dozen DP camps and stopping frequently for conversation with refugees and townsfolk. The area is like a battle zone during a lull. You sense that all hell may break loose at any moment.

Everywhere there is someone who speaks English to act as interpreter for the village fathers. Everywhere people are angry, and when they learned we were Americans they told us of their bitter feeling toward what they consider the one-sided policy of the U. S. government. When they learned we were journalists, they begged us to describe their plight to our fellow Americans. They pointed to their ancient fields and houses on the Israeli side, some actually within sight, and reminded us that their ancestors had lived in these villages from time immemorial. "Now strangers decide we cannot return. There are other strangers from Europe and from all over the world living in our houses, using our furniture and tilling our fields while we rot in these camps. Our money is frozen in banks on the other side. We have received no compensation of any kind."

They speak recklessly as desperate people will, and you hear dozens of schemes. But the underlying note is always one of helplessness and despair. There is some talk now of gathering all the refugees, the seven or eight hundred thousand of them, in one place and then crossing the border, unarmed. "But you will be shot down by the thousands," someone says. These desperate men answer: "Let them shoot us. We will die with honor. There is no honor in this, only disgrace." This is not the thoughtful pacifism of Gandhi but the ill-planned desperation of the helpless.

There are other men who say that no matter what happens Arabs will one day return to claim their fields, their houses and villages, even if it takes a hundred years. "Our children's children will till the soil that sustained our fathers' fathers." To the Arab, the ancestral village means everything, and even a lengthy exile will not destroy his feeling for it.

We visited Kibya this afternoon and found the little village in the hills full of activity. The villagers and their neighbors—seemingly unaware that the place is now known the world over—were industriously rebuilding the houses destroyed two months ago by a force made up, the Kibyans say, of Israeli soldiers. The wanton destruction of Kibya (to call it an "incident" here seems obscene) was everywhere evident. The village school, which was attended by eight hundred children, was completely razed. House after house is no more than a pile of stones now. A hundred men and boys followed us as we walked up and down the little street and inspected the damage. Everyone was trying to get the interpreter's attention in order to add his bit to the story of how it happened. Most of the sixty-six victims were women and children, and many of the little kids following us were new orphans. The Kibyans told us of how the attackers came over the hills not long after nightfall and rampaged until four in the morning. One after another they pointed to the hill from which the big guns fired on their town, and they acted out for us how the invaders merely opened doors and let their tommy guns rip without regard to house or life. Just before dawn the marauders crossed the fields again to head for home.

No help came to Kibya for many long hours. The first to send aid was the Lutheran World Federation in Jerusalem, headed by Dr. Edwin Moll, a chipper little Australian-American who is widely beloved in this area for his manifold charities. Dr. Moll was with us today. Another American, a relief worker who was at Kibya before the bodies of the dead were recovered from the debris, showed us a shell found at the time which clearly bore U. S. markings. "What could I, an American, tell these people when they saw that?" he asked. And I knew how he felt; these people are firmly convinced that all the forces of America—

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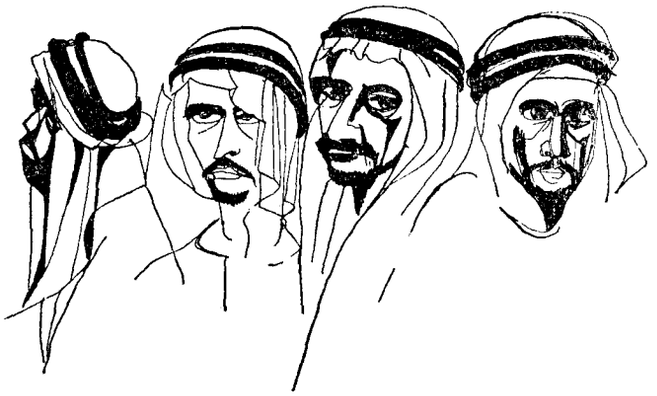

politics, journalism, public opinion—have long been hostile to them. When they asked me why so few Americans seem to care about their plight, I didn't know what to say either.

DEPRESSING as visiting Kibya was, still it wasn't as bad as the experience we had the day we stopped at our first refugee camp near Beyrouth, Lebanon. It was during a driving rain storm. Perhaps it would have been the better part of valor to have come back later when the sun was shining. But as Harold Fey, of the *Christian Century,* said: "If these people have to suffer this, we can at least bear a little shame and sense of guilt in their presence."

In the rain storm the camp was a scene of utter misery. The refugees all live in tents, one tent to a family (often eight or nine are crowded together), and practically every tent was leaking. Refugees, thinking we were important visitors who could change their conditions, begged us to come to see their particular tents They wanted us to get a first-hand picture of the terrible conditions under which they have to live.

I went to a number of tents and found weeping women and profoundly angry men. Most tents had only one blanket, and this was usually wrapped around the baby of the family; the other children huddled shivering in a corner of the tent in an effort to find a dry spot. Everywhere people were in utter misery, and the most miserable of all were those who had no more tears, after many rain storms and five long, disappointing years of waiting for something to happen. Many of them speak of America now with a contempt based on utter disillusionment. In the camps leadership is passing to the extremists among them; moderates who call for patience are losing influence.

When they learned that we were American journalists and not UN officials or American politicians, there was more cordiality. They are so weary, they say, of official visitors who come solemnly to study their problem, then return home and seemingly do nothing about it (at least nothing that changes things for them). They have a terrible sense of having been exploited and used by the press, too—especially the American press. They wouldn't let us take pictures. "People came and took our pictures in our misery," they told us. "Then they said, 'This is how the Arabs live. They don't deserve any better fate. See how squalid they are.' "

The refugee problem is tremendous. Basic support for the Arab refugees comes from the United Nations, but that amounts to less than twenty-five dollars a year per person. Without the voluntary organizations which provide clothes, medicines, food, etc., the refugees' plight would be even more hopeless than it is. Protestant and Catholic agencies have worked together to provide the minimal decencies, and even they do not have the resources they need. The Catholic charity is under the auspices of the Pontifical Mission for Palestine, which was established by the Holy Father himself. The President of the Mission is the beloved American, Monsignor Thomas J. McMahon, whose offices are at the Catholic Near East Welfare Association, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City 10.

As an American, I have often felt ashamed since I came out here, and I have been ashamed, too, in the face of inhumanity, merely as a man. But, thanks to Monsignor McMahon and his co-workers, I have yet to feel apologetic about the Church. Only sixty-seven thousand of the refugees are Catholic, but Monsignor McMahon's work touches another three hundred thousand, most of whom are Moslems. I have never met Monsignor McMahon, but after this experience in the Middle East I would consider it a great privilege. No one is held in higher esteem by all here, no matter what their faith, than the American monsignor. This may not be the place to make an appeal for his work, but after seeing the camps I would feel that I had betrayed my vocation as a writer if I did not urge people to aid his work among the refugees.

This is Jerusalem, half Arab, half Israeli. Yesterday, like pilgrims through the Christian ages, I walked the Via Dolorosa to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. I stood in the Garden of Gethsemane, scene of Christ's agony. Today I drank from Jacob's well, where Christ met the Samaritan woman and offered her living water. Tomorrow we are going to Bethlehem. There, too, there will be more thousands of homeless.

Here in the Holy Land, the Gospels take on fresh meaning. You look at the fig trees, and you see how natural it was that Jesus should have pointed to one for a parable. You pass a little mountain and you see how natural it was that He should have preached His great sermon from one. The presence of Christ is everywhere—and not least of all, I would say, in the Arab refugees, whose camps are found every few miles —in the land called holy.

JOHN COGLEY.

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THE STAGE

THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC

THE shadow of Cinderella falls long on the current season. Last week, it was the lithe and arresting Miss Margaret Sullavan; now the plump and unexceptionable Miss Josephine Hull. Miss Sullavan languishes and vibrates on her sybaritic Long Island estate; Miss Hull fondly flutters her eyelashes, adjusts the rear-view mirror and drives "The Solid Gold Cadillac" right along the royal road. What is of greater account is that more theatrical sensibility shows in every raw, frivolous moment of "The Solid Gold Cadillac" than in the whole design of "Sabrina Fair."

Messrs. George Kaufman and Howard Teichmann have put together a fairy tale of Big Business—the story of Cinderella and the Big Bad Corporation Directors. There are four of them and they look like caricatures from *Pravda*: frock-coated, smooth of jowl and moist of palm, gurgling with glee as they fleece the stockholders and squelch the competition. All of this, of course, takes place B.J.: which is to say Before Josephine. She flutters down into their midst like some antediluvian dove—all *politesse* and gentility—with her one little question about the Treasurer's salary. But before she has done with them, they are sweeping up cigarette butts.

Along the way, the playwrights do not miss one satiric trick: not the dumb blonde model, nor assorted digs at Washington, nor interpolated newsreels which chew happily on the idiocies of television, nor the misanthropic voice of Fred Allen shoring up the whole evening with a sour, witty commentary. It is all old as the thirties, of course, but Mr. Kaufman and his collaborator trot it out so brazenly, keep it going at such a pace, that all one's critical objections go down. And when the gilt begins to chip off—the temper to grow a little shrill—Miss Hull again sets everything right in place: perhaps with a ten-minute bit of pantomime which finds her cleaning out her desk (galoshes in the file, a coffee pot in with the carbon paper, extra stockings behind the legal books), or maybe with another scene in which she dictates a note to the milkman. No one will ever want midnight to come for this Cinderella, and at the Belasco, I assure you, she is giving a ball. (*At the Belasco.*)

ESCAPADE

MR. Roger MacDougall's play, a slight and judicious comedy about one segment of contemporary liberal society, was another casualty in the Anglo-American theatrical cold war. "Escapade" tried to maintain a Shavian juxtaposition between the noisy, rasping pacifism of a professional *New Statesman* type, and the gallant spirit of his adolescent sons who take off for Geneva in a highjacked airplane to have it out with the League of Nations. This small, eccentric situation served Mr. MacDougall as a base from which to examine certain assumptions about education, liberalism and the pretensions of the adult world—an inquiry which was largely conducted with a good deal of free-wheeling dash, but no special intellectual audacity.

It is not sufficient for "the play of ideas" (a category to which "Escapade" modestly aspires) to create the illusion of originality: it must launch itself into contentious areas with rather a more violent intensity and penetration than Mr. MacDougall displayed. His conclusions were so mild, and his convictions so indisputable, that the play seemed to me at all times intelligent without ever being serious. A lackluster production may have done Mr. MacDougall wrong, but I rather doubt it. I could find small evidence of that vitality of rhetoric and invention of which one London critic spoke. (*Closed at the 48th St. Theatre.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS

AS A SERIES of illustrations for Maurice Herzog's book, the film version of "Annapurna" will give new thrills to already enthusiastic readers. To those moviegoers who have not read the book, "Annapurna," which was made by Herzog and his fellow climbers on the expedition, may seem strangely lacking in human values. Its theme—the climbing of a peak in the Himalaya Mountains never before explored—is exciting enough (for those who care for that sort of thing). There are fascinating shots of the Nepalese during the careful preparations for the trip, but what the film fails to do is acquaint the viewer with the nine French climbers themselves. As a result, once the dangerous expedition gets going (the narration spoken by Herzog and Edward Byrne keeps impressing us with the dangers), these men seem more like impersonal scientists proving a point than flesh-and-blood humans who have to hit that 26,493-foot peak or die in the attempt.

They don't die. Herzog and one other make the top, and there are gorgeous shots of steep mountains and fragile peaks of snow; but it is the descent that proves such a nightmare. Although the close-ups of frost-bitten hands and feet are by no means pretty, the scenes of the natives carrying the pain-wracked

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men down the mountain in the rain are quite moving. If "Annapurna" had spent more time in warming us up to its mountain climbers, as "Kon-Tiki" did with little human touches and flashes of humor, we might be more stirred by Herzog's victory and suffering. Maybe even if "Annapurna" had made us understand why men climb mountains, it could have been a great documentary film. But "Annapurna" leaves the question unanswered.

EVEN though "Annapurna" has authenticity and on-the-spot photography in its favor, it does not have the suspense of a well-made Hollywood western like "Escape from Fort Bravo." Maurice Herzog could not control the elements or his cast as Director John Sturges did in telling the Civil War story of the escape of a group of Confederate soldiers from a Union fort in Arizona Territory. The picture opens with a grim scene showing the Northern captain (William Holden) bringing back an escaped Southerner, practically dragging him across the desert at the end of a rope. It is not till later that the meaning of the captain's seemingly needless cruelty becomes clear—but throughout the whole film runs this forbidding tone which heightens the drama and tightens the suspense.

While no one could exactly call this story appealing, the movie itself is engrossing from beginning to end. Director Sturges contrasts the beauties and cruelties of nature and man; and he is helped by the lovely photography of Death Valley in color and by a good cast, which includes John Forsythe, William Demarest, William Campbell, Eleanor Parker, and several others who turn in strong performances.

STRONG, silent and determinedly masterful heroes are the rage these days. In "Fort Bravo," William Holden says: "It's a world I didn't make." Playing the title role in "Hondo," John Wayne says: "A long time ago I made me a rule: I let people do what they want to do." What Hondo means is that he lets people make whatever mistakes they want to as long as they don't interfere with him. Strongly attracted to Geraldine Page, he thinks it is wrong for her to stay alone on her isolated ranch with her little boy while the Apaches are on the war path. So he sets out later to return to her place and protect her—but he has a run-in with her husband and kills him, and then has a run-in with the Indians.

While the script for "Hondo" is not very weighty, John Farrow gives it strength through his direction. The picture was made in Mexico and its fine, rugged scenery is enhanced by color and good 3D, employed without having scores of Indians flying into your lap. In her first movie, Geraldine Page is a little more ladylike than a rancher's wife should be, but the fault is more one of miscasting than Miss Page's; like Jean Arthur in "Shane," she is not quite at home in the great open spaces. "Hondo" will remind you of "Shane" in other ways, but this doesn't necessarily detract from its effectiveness as entertainment. John Wayne handles manfully his difficult problem (of wooing a woman whose husband he has just killed) and fights Indians and Whites alike in the grand style.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"A NEW FARM POLICY"

Grand Junction, Colo.

TO the Editors: The farm question: perhaps the real answer—like it or not—hides within the statistics offered by Schirber and Hynes [November 27, 1953]: " . . . over seventy-five per cent of the farm income goes to the top one-third of the three million seven hundred thousand farmers designated as commercial by the census . . . the lowest forty per cent of the 'commercial' farmers received only ten per cent of the farm income. . . ." It is important to know that more and more restricted ownership of profitable farms is a *trend,* largely independent of politics yet almost inevitable, I believe, within the pattern of American economics and technological advance.

As farm editor of a daily newspaper I am persuaded to think the consolidation of farm acreages and, more than this, the penny-wise necessity of small-margin enterprise will continue, to the misfortune of innumerable independent farmers and the enrichment of a few.

A broad view of American political history shows a more and more nearly complete identification of corporate industrial and financial power with the elective government. True, this course has been at times diverted but never reversed. It seems likely that agriculture, a one-fourth factor in our economy, must in time conform. Social values, rather than economic drive, have thus far upheld a tradition of family-based agriculture. The tradition is in danger, clearly: and this is the vaguely understood reason for present political concern. The focus on farm woes is vital to the entire nation.

Only a widespread change of values in the American people as a whole will protect the farmer and, with him, so many of the traditions the country reveres. I do not expect the change to materialize—not without a major revolution of thought, which well may be of a religious nature—and therefore I foresee, before many years pass, a practical identification of corporate agriculture with political interest which will

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stabilize the wealth of a new manager-owner class. For the rest: snug peonage.

The Schirber-Hynes policies, like some other suggestions to relieve the immediate crisis in agriculture, appear to be narrow palliatives. Forthright views encompassing economic realities and our real desires are nowhere heard.

SAM GADD.

Missoula, Mont.

TO the Editors: The article "A New Farm Policy" by Father Schirber and Professor Hynes is timely, intelligently critical, and positive in its suggestions. I hope it is brought to the attention of the Secretary of Agriculture. . . .

The authors have, however, either in their efforts to simplify or to properly regard circumstances, failed to be practical. They have categorically written off a "two-price" system for agriculture as equally objectionable to the present system since it "would be an open declaration of economic nationalism."

I am disappointed in this. We have been living under a condition of economic nationalism, either declared or undeclared, for many decades, and we can't bury our heads in the sand and wait for economic nationalism to pass. Certainly a sound farm policy must have the ideals in mind which the authors list, but in developing a new farm policy we cannot ignore present circumstances.

Our problem is to give economic security to our farm people and at the same time allow the market to regulate production. We must do this under the degree of economic nationalism that exists. Unquestionably we must get to the world market with our surpluses if we are going to maintain any resemblance of a free market in which the "embattled consumer" is regarded. And, if we export our surplus we must be willing to accept foreign currencies which means accepting foreign goods. However, until the degree of economic nationalism is reduced to zero, it seems to me quite unrealistic to talk in terms of a farm policy that assumes it is.

There seems to be general agreement that the practical ideal would be a program giving economic security to farmers without tampering with the market. That is, without parity formula or production controls. But, in a country so capable of over-production as America that leaves the problem of surpluses.

The great majority of farmers and consumers do not know what our economic nationalism is costing them. A two-price system for farm crops could well make them aware and therein be a step toward a more realistic tariff policy. The chances that economic nationalism will disappear overnight are so remote that I don't think such a suggestion as that of a two-price system for agriculture should be passed off with as little reason as the authors presented.

J. H. WIKSTROM.

Colwich, Kan.

TO the Editors: I have read and benefited from your fine publication for years. I hope that you may be able to continue your courageous battle against narrow-mindedness. Our communities in the vicinity of Colwich are strictly agricultural. We have watched the steady deterioration of the farmer's position in our socio-economic structure. We see great confusion as to the Christian solution of this problem. . . .

We have for years followed the activities of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference. We read with great anticipation the learned article by Martin E. Schirber and Emerson Hynes. However, we believe their solution differs only in technical detail from what we have at present. . . .

We are enclosing a little paper which gives our ideas on this matter:

". . . It is not Christian to curtail production of food and fiber while there are starving and ill-clothed people in the world. . . . During the present sadly disorganized plight of our farmers we must ask a continuance of government supports and subsidies. However, according to the principle of subsidarity, our Government should not do for a group of our people what they can do for themselves. Being only fifteen per cent of the population, the farmer will get from our Government only a beggar's return. A beggar loses his dignity.

Excluding emergency measures, a real long-term solution of the farm problem must follow the lines of Christian Social Theory. The farmer must form *effective organizations* whereby he can regain his rights and his position of self-respect in our population. These instructions are clearly laid down for us in *Quadragesimo Anno*. Only in this way will our farmers regain their Christian dignity as individuals and as a group. The key word in this solution is *organization*. As Pope Pius tells us in *Quadragesimo Anno*, 'He who does not organize for the common good, organizes against it.' " (Conclusions of the Catholic Union of Kansas, Nov. 8, 1953.)

B. N. LIES, M.D.

Correction: Father Schirber and Mr. Hynes referred to the number of full-time farm families with annual incomes of less than $1200. We regret that through a typographical error this figure appeared as seven thousand such families rather than the correct seven hundred thousand.—THE EDITORS.

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The Intuition of Jacques Maritain

WILLIAM P. CLANCY

". . . art is the flower and perfection of this world."—Art and Poetry.

THERE is paradox in the fact that the artist has come into his own in an age which hates him. The triumph of industrial civilization and of bourgeois culture has left the artist alienated from society, but, as André Malraux points out, it has also left him free. In exile from a hostile world he has discovered himself; unburdened of that world, he has turned inward and grown self-aware.

This discovery of himself, this increased self-awareness, has had a revolutionary effect on the artist's work. Modern poetry is distinguished by its intense longing for self-knowledge. "At such a time [as the present]," Jacques Maritain wrote in 1944, "poetry must work in two directions at once. It must continue to express itself creatively, and it must dwell introspectively on its own nature." The necessity of dwelling "on its own nature," he said, perhaps explains the unprecedented critical activity which has taken place in our age. This activity has eventually led modern poetry beyond techniques, beyond an analysis of meaning and of the meaning of meaning, to ask the first question, the ontological question: what *is* poetry? Its quest for self-discovery has brought it, finally, to the door of philosophy, to ask its own name.

Philosophy has not refused the question; the door has not been shut. In the work which he began in *Art and Scholasticism* and has now completed in *Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry* [Pantheon. $6.50.] Jacques Maritain has provided that ontology which was poetry's greatest need.

In his earlier work, *Art and Scholasticism,* Maritain seemed almost to apologize for writing on poetry at all. "The author," he said, "is only a philosopher. A philosopher's professional duty is to remain in the sky of metaphysics, the only enduring empyrean." *Art and Scholasticism* made obvious, however, that Maritain was not "only a philosopher" and that he could not "remain in the sky of metaphysics." Because here in the area of art—as elsewhere—his intense concern for the existential, his humanism and his charity, continually assert themselves. Maritain cannot be *only* the metaphysician; he must also be Maritain. And so he must be committed—to *this* poem, to *this* society, to *this* person. He therefore writes on poetry as a philosopher who loves poetry, and he brings light from "the sky of metaphysics" to illumine the art of the ages.

Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry, for example, could not have been written by a man who was only a philosopher any more than it could have been written by a man who was only an artist. The range of its poetic knowledge is as impressive as the brilliance of its metaphysical flights. It could have been written only by a philosopher-artist.

MARITAIN, like every good scholastic philosopher, begins by distinguishing his terms. Art and poetry, he says at the very beginning of *Creative Intuition,* cannot do without one another. Yet the two words are far from being synonymous. He explains:

> By art I mean the creative or producing, word-making activity of the human mind. By poetry I mean, not the particular art which consists in writing verses, but a process both more general and more primary: that intercommunication between the inner being of things and the inner being of the human Self which is a kind of divination (as was realized in ancient times; the Latin *vates* was both a poet and a diviner). Poetry, in this sense, is the secret life of each and all the arts; another name for what Plato called *mousiké.*

Poetry, then, is that which is an "intercommunication between the inner being of things and the inner being of the human Self"—and this whether it take the form of music, painting, or verse.

The starting point of Maritain's investigation is empirical: he observes the development of painting from the art of the ancient Orient to the art of the modern West, and sees that art's development has been from objectivity to subjectivity, from a concern with Things to a concern with Self. Oriental art was intent only on things; modern art is intent only on Self. The progress of art has been the progress of individuality.

But, Maritain observes, at the very time art was most objective—most intent on Things—it revealed (almost against its wishes) much of the artist's self, and at a time like the present, when art is most subjective, it reveals (again almost against its wishes) the secret aspects of Things. What, he asks, does this mean? What is the philosophical impact of this factual conclusion? He answers:

> . . . at the root of the creative act there must be a quite particular intellectual process, without parallel in logical reason, through which Things and

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the Self are grasped together by means of a kind of experience or knowledge which has no conceptual expression and is expressed only in the artist's work.

Are we therefore to think, he asks:

> . . . that in such an experience, creative in nature, Things are grasped in the Self and the Self is grasped in Things, and subjectivity becomes a means of catching obscurely the inner side of Things?

Maritain's answer to this question is the major burden of his book. And his answer is: Yes. Poetry *is* a kind of knowledge which has no conceptual expression and through it subjectivity *does* become a means of catching obscurely the inner side of things. It is the means by which we recover that "denser and more refractory world" of which John Crowe Ransom has written—a world which cannot be known through scientific, discursive reason or through concepts, because it will not yield its secrets to them. These secrets, Maritain says, can be revealed only through poetry. They are caught in the earliest art known to man and they are explored throughout history by means of the artist's creative intuition. They are the hidden spiritual life of Things and of Self:

> Let us look at those deer and bison painted on the walls of prehistoric caves, with the admirable and infallible élan of virgin imagination. They are the prime achievement of human art and poetic intuition. By the virtue of Sign, they make present to us an aspect of the animal shape and life, and of the world of hunting. And they make present to us the spirit of those unknown men who drew them, they tell us that their makers were men, they reveal a Creative Self endowed with immortal intelligence, pursuing deliberately willed ends, and capable of sensing beauty.

And so, Maritain affirms, poetry is essentially a kind of knowledge. Having its roots in the preconscious life of the intellect, moved to expression by the poet's intuition of reality, given life in a work of art, poetry makes known something which was not known before and cannot be known in any other way: the spiritual world of an individual subjective experience.

Poetry is, as Maritain has said elsewhere, a "divination of the spiritual in the things of sense." The poet's vocation is thus a very lofty one, for "just as God makes created participations of His Being exist outside of Himself, so the poet puts himself into what he makes, and by realizing in his work something which was not known before, he does in a human way something which is analogous to the creative activity of God."

To know a true poem—a Bach cantata, an El Greco painting, a Hopkins sonnet—is to know a world, for a true poem is a world. To enter it is to enter greatness; to explore it is to explore the sublime. Maritain quotes Blake's famous lines:

> To see a World in a Grain of Sand
> And a Heaven in a Wild Flower.

This seeing, this intuition of the Spiritual in the things of sense, is what we call poetry. Maritain's formulations of this concept have great beauty, for example: "That transient motion of a beloved hand—it exists an instant and will disappear forever, and only in the memory of angels will it be preserved above time. Poetic intuition catches it in passing, in a faint attempt to immortalize it in time. But poetic intuition does not stop at this given existent; it goes beyond, and definitely beyond. Precisely because it has no conceptualized object, it tends and extends to the infinite, it tends toward all the reality, the infinite reality which is engaged in any singular existing Thing. . . . "

Poetry, we might say, is the natural spiritual life of man.

CREATIVE Intuition in Art and Poetry is, as Marshall McLuhan has said, impossible to review. Its wealth defies counting; its insights defy outlining. Like a poem, it must be known in itself. All one can do at secondhand is indicate some of its major themes.

I recall reading a criticism of Maritain some years ago in, I think, the *Dublin Review*. The critic characterized him as "a rapture-intoxicated man." This description was, I think, not completely unjust. Maritain believes in rapture. He does not despise the Muse. He insists that in all great art the element of inspiration—in his phrase, of creative intuition—must be present. (The artist, he writes, is not an engineer.) And he tells us not to be "afraid" of the Romantics.

But Maritain is not himself a Romantic. He respects rapture but he is not, as his critic thought, "intoxicated" by it. He insists always upon the intellectual basis of art ("art is a virtue of the practical intellect"), and he does not mistake poetic knowledge for absolute knowledge. In his aesthetics, as in all else, he is the integral humanist illumined by Revelation. Nothing that is native to man is despised by him, but everything is ordered by wisdom.

The great and final achievement of *Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry* is this ordering, this placing of art within the hierarchy of human values. Art, Maritain insists, is an activity both natural to man and necessary to his good. And so he vindicates art. Poetry is no dream. It is, ultimately, a level of reality, and the poet is he who intuits in his work what did not exist before his work, who gives to the world a knowledge of that which could not be known except for him. He is not an entertainer; he is not a propagandist; he is not an escapist; he is not a dreamer. He is a creator. And so too, certainly, is Jacques Maritain.

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The Cranly of Joyce's Famous Portrait

SILENT YEARS: An Autobiography with Memoirs of James Joyce and Our Ireland. By J. F. Byrne. Farrar, Straus & Young. $4.

By VIVIAN MERCIER

"WHAT mysterious purpose is concealed under your impossible prosiness?" says Stephen to his best friend, Cranly, at one point in *Stephen Hero*. Sometimes, in reading both *Stephen Hero* and its revised version, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, I have wondered whether Cranly concealed *any* purpose, whether he—and therefore J. F. Byrne too, as the original on whom he was modeled—was not a sphinx without a secret.

Now, fifty-five years after Joyce joined his two-years-older prep-school acquaintance at University College, became his closest friend, and dubbed him "Cranly" after a medieval Archbishop of Dublin, J. F. Byrne has spoken—and after all those silent years he has, not just one secret, but a dozen of them. In some ways he still remains the detached observer, refusing to commit himself, but tolerantly critical of those who do. Yet here and there he draws aside a veil to show us something of the inner life of a personality fully as interesting as Joyce's, fully as original, lacking only that tenacious faith in himself and that capacity for sheer drudgery which enabled Joyce in the long run to compel the world to accept his originality.

If Cranly seems at times impossibly mature in Joyce's pages, it is partly because J. F. Byrne had early won the right to a certain maturity. Left fatherless before he was four, brought back from the verge of death by drowning twice before he was seven, made an altar boy while he was "still in petticoats," he lost his faith at ten—though still continuing to serve Mass—and fell in love at fifteen, both apparently for keeps. Did everybody in University College then make a habit of doing everything for keeps, or was that only a peculiarity of Cranly and of the Stephen Dedalus who said, "I am not afraid to make a mistake, even a great mistake, a lifelong mistake, and perhaps as long as eternity too"?

But what did J. F. Byrne become? The only possible answer to that is, "J. F. Byrne, of course." A personality like his, formed so early, does not change with the years. With a talent mathematical rather than literary, Mr. Byrne has done many things: played first-rate chess, written at least one ingenious and far-sighted piece of science fiction, conducted a financial column for the New York *Daily News Record* under the name of J. F. Renby, and invented a cipher machine which, he claims, produces unbreakable codes. Only in respect to this last discovery, made in 1918, has he shown something of Joyce's tenacity. Perhaps, indeed, his desire to vindicate his invention, "Chaocipher,"

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has provided him with one of his chief motives for writing this autobiography. He describes it as "a method of doing something to the written word, in any language, which affected that written word so as to result in its chaotic disruption."

The book Mr. Byrne has written is itself chaotic in structure; it moves back and forth over the years without—to me—any apparent plan, and includes a sheaf of items from the author's desk drawer: old letters, old newspaper clippings, an article on "The Irish Grievance" which he wrote just after the 1916 Rising, the piece of science fiction already mentioned, a brilliant discussion of the realities of war debts (which may have influenced F.D.R.), and a pamphlet on "Chaocipher."

Mr. Byrne's style often bristles with clichés, yet his book contains pages evoking a bygone Dublin which are not unworthy of Joyce himself. The innumerable glimpses of Joyce portray him as simpler and nicer than other contemporaries of his would have us believe, while the footnotes Byrne offers to Joyce's works are going to confound the more naive scholars and cause acute discomfort to Messrs. Stuart Gilbert and Herbert Gorman. They also serve to confirm many of the informed guesses made by Hugh Kenner in his as yet unpublished critical study of Joyce.

It may interest those who make the mistake of considering *A Portrait of the Artist* as purely autobiographical to know that one or two of the more memorable scenes in Stephen's life happened to Mr. Byrne, not to Joyce. Readers of *Ulysses* may chuckle at the news that it was Mr. Byrne who originally lived at No. 7, Eccles Street, forgot his key, and had to enter via the area way, as Leopold Bloom was later to do in fiction.

This book is a feast, even if one never knows what is coming next, dessert or hors d'oeuvres. Yet there are many things we should like to know about both Mr. Byrne and Joyce that the elusive Cranly explicitly refuses to tell us. Let us not forget that the sub-title of "Chaocipher" is a Joycean pun—"The Ultimate Elusion."

Reflections of a Medieval Saint

THE LETTERS OF SAINT BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. Translated by Bruno Scott James. Regnery. $10.

SAINT BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX: Seen through his Selected Letters. Translated and with an introduction by Bruno Scott James. Foreword by Thomas Merton. Regnery. $3.50.

By ALBAN BAER

FATHER Bruno Scott James has made a fitting commemoration of the eighth centenary of Saint Bernard's death in this smooth translation of his letters, and the Henry Regnery Company has done a further service in making a selection of them available to a larger public. Thomas Merton was the obvious choice to introduce this selection. He gives the warning, opportune as it turns out, that here we are seeing only "the public facets of a many-sided character. They are the facets Bernard himself liked least, and he would have been ready to admit that he did not appear at his best in some of the petty business which his letters endeavored to settle."

The twelfth century was as full of petty business as is the twentieth; and if, as has been said, Bernard carried the twelfth century on his shoulders, he had the mean to carry as well as the great. It might be supposed that the individual psychological problem is peculiar to our own introspective age; but Bernard's dealings with a number of "cases," as we should call them, in his own monastic community as well as in others, show that maladjustment and the inner disharmony which it brings was as likely to occur then as now. Clearly, they are enough to try the patience of a saint. Not only simple monks: other religious, too—founders and superiors and saints—bishops, legates, kings, and even the pope are all too human and all too often in need of fraternal correction. Human nature in the Ages of Faith had pretty much the same constituents that it has now—and could be on occasion just as exasperating.

When this has been granted, it must be added that these letters reveal a personality of a kind not immediately understood in the modern world. It is impossible to dream that Bernard was writing for posterity or with an eye to future publication; yet what churchman today would so consistently "improve the occasion" as he does? A letter to an erring monk provides an opportunity for a formal treatise of some seventeen pages on obedience; a letter to a despondent one provokes an altogether impersonal and quite extended flight on the Heavenly Jerusalem. William of St. Thierry, incautiously declaring his esteem, draws from his saintly correspondent an elaborate quibble: "You may be right when you say that my affection for you is less than yours is for me, but I am certainly certain that you cannot be certain. How can you know for certain what it is certain you cannot be certain about?" etc.

The accommodated sense of Scripture, not in high favor today, abounds. There is an excess of gnomic utterances which could hardly escape being labeled platitudes today, and would quickly find their places on desk-calendars: "A good conscience is a mine of wealth"; "It is pleasant to admire the lightness of the burden of truth"; "I am not disturbed by undeserved blame nor do I accept unmerited praise." Not that all this is bad: it is simply not what the modern reader looks for in letters. It is meant to suggest to him that he must modify his usual pattern of thought if he is to avoid annoyances based on incorrect preconceptions. Only if he does so can he with any success derive from these letters acquaintance with a personality that is distinctly worth knowing. Bernard is no pious ignoramus: by any standards he is a man of shrewd and penetrating judgment. Above all, let the modern reader observe, Bernard is not afraid to express strong emotion. If he is angry, the pages fairly quiver with indignation. His is not the polite innuendo, the barbed civility. He can be the Mellifluous Doctor when he

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chooses; but unlike us moderns, and to his eternal glory, he is not honeyed at the wrong times.

Father James has evidently done his work well. This is not the place to compare his rendering sentence for sentence with the original, although in the complete edition to have this at hand on facing pages and parallel with the translation would have achieved the ideal—an ideal doubtless impossible with production costs what they are. But wherever his version could possibly be open to question, Father James obligingly prints the Latin in a footnote. Some of his other footnotes (of which there are an adequate number) display a refreshing sense of humor; and his introductions (not identical) to both volumes give just the information required. The complete edition has three indexes of letters, recipients, and subjects. It is a pity that these, in a suitably reduced form, were not included in the edition of selections.

When There Is No Berth

THE CLOSED HARBOR. By James Hanley. Horizon. $3.50.

By PHILIP J. SCHARPER

JAMES Hanley is held in high and deserved honor in England, but has received little critical or popular acceptance here. It is hoped that *The Closed Harbor* will make him better known in this country, for Hanley is a rewarding novelist.

His latest work tells of the futile efforts of Eugene Marius, a disgraced sea captain, to get another berth. No ship owner will hire him, no captain will have him; for Marius, the great port of Marseilles is a closed harbor. Nor can he find that other haven he seeks even more desperately—one person to whom he can pour out the story of murder at sea and dereliction of duty which caused his disgrace. The compassion of another human being is also, for Marius, a closed harbor.

The meaning of the novel spirals inward as we see other people drawn into the vortex of Marius' disintegration. His mother, pious and proud, joyfully looks on his decay as divine retribution for the disgrace he has brought on an old sea-faring family, and regards her own ejection of him as an instrument of divine justice. His sister, whose only son was the man Marius murdered, yearns to forgive him, but fears her mother's wrath. Labiche, the zealous dwarf who is secretary of the parish Saint Vincent De Paul Society, dogs Marius through the slums like a grotesque shadow, hoping always that he can reach his quarry while there is yet something that can be saved.

Hanley creates these characters the way a man carves figures out of a mountain. They are large in bulk and definite of line, cut with a few hard strokes that permit of no detail, and indeed, require none.

To the telling of his story Hanley brings a rich and varied talent. He can paint the squalid quay side of Marseilles or the bleak landscape of a tortured mind with equal clarity and conviction. While usually considered a realist in technique, he knows the value of heightened, poetic dialogue, and is a master of its creation. Few contemporary novelists so thoroughly dominate their material as does Hanley; he attempts nothing that exceeds his considerable range, and satire, tenderness, humor, horror, irony and pathos are all very deftly woven into the texture of his work.

He is, above all, a novelist of integrity and compassion. He is faithful to his datum; there are no easy absolutions or facile condemnations; he attempts neither to plunder the infinite nor examine the sty—temptations which most of our novelists find hard to resist. Nor does he fulfill the Joycean ideal of standing outside his work, "paring his nails." *The Closed Harbor* is not a cerebral analysis of human types; it is a compassionate portrait of a handful of people, who make us disturbingly aware again of what it means to be a human being.

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The Discovery of Rome

TO SEE PETER. by Richard Baumann. Translated by John M. Oesterreicher. David McKay. $3.

By SISTER JULIE

PERHAPS no Catholic responded with greater earnestness to the Pope's Holy Year invitation to return to Rome as the center of Christian brotherhood than the German Lutheran minister, Richard Baumann. He wrote the story of his pilgrimage in the book, *Evangelische Romfahrt,* which has now been translated by Father John M. Oesterreicher under the title, *To See Peter.* The Lutheran pastor's appreciation of his fellow-pilgrims, their Catholic devotions, and their response to the exercises of the pilgrimage, give the book a unique distinction. The translation by Father Oesterreicher distinguishes it further.

Pastor Baumann's account of his pilgrimage to Rome (made incognito with a group of German Catholics from the Rhineland) is interesting enough merely as the narrative of a good observer with a sense for significant detail. Although he was almost always aware of his separateness from the group, he could analyze the Catholic practices he observed keenly and honestly, hungering unconsciously to be united to them, finding "justification" (in Lutheran theological terms) for devotion to Our Lady and to the Saints.

The climax, of course, is his description of the audience with the Pope, "The Rock" he had come to see. He did not have a private audience, but one of those large pilgrimage-audiences experienced by thousands during the Holy Year. Perhaps no pilgrim to Rome has expressed with greater, more luminous clarity the conviction that Pope Pius XII is the Vicar of Christ, a conviction the more compelling because expressed intuitively rather than dialectically.

A reviewer is tempted to pause over Pastor Baumann's poignantly nostalgic appreciations of Catholic customs and liturgy, especially his understanding of the Rosary and his realization of the meaning of the Mass. His candid "testing" of these aspects of the Faith which are part of the wall of separation between Catholics and Protestants, and his ultimate "justification" of them against the background of historic Lutheranism, remind the Catholic reader of Karl Adam's *One and Holy.* The two books are indeed companion pieces.

The major significance of Pastor Baumann's book lies in his expression of the conviction which was his unique experience as a pilgrim to Rome: "Whoever thinks that since the sixteenth century God has concluded several New Covenants with the various Reformed bodies, manifesting themselves today in one hundred and fifty-six denominations, denies God's fidelity in His New Covenant. And once this fidelity is denied, mankind can no longer understand history under the sign of Christ, but rather despairs of the truth, of the true God Himself."

This conviction is the more significant because Pastor Baumann is still a Lutheran; he has not "gone over" to Rome; he is preaching to his own congregation the necessity of the Rock who is Peter, the one "who bears and sustains the Community of the New Testament." Pastor Baumann has not rejected the Reformation; he does not call Luther "heretic"; he does something better, because it is more constructive: loyal to the Truth, he asks Luther to permit his mistakes to be corrected. "If there cannot immediately be unity of faith, let there at least be unity of love," wrote Karl Adam. Pastor Baumann's book seems an incarnation of this plea.

Early in the Field

PETER E. DIETZ, LABOR PRIEST. By Mary Harrita Fox. University of Notre Dame. $4.50.

By JOHN C. CORT

WHEN some of us were founding the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists on Mott Street back in 1937 there was no blush of false modesty on our cheeks. We were making history and we knew it, and we would tell anybody who was foolish enough to listen just exactly how novel and unique it all was. As late as 1949 we were still arguing with the Jesuits about who started the first Catholic labor school in America.

Now, with the publication of *Peter E. Dietz, Labor Priest,* Mary Fox has put us all in our proper place and perspective. For no matter what we may think that we started, the fact seems to be that Father Dietz started it first.

For example: first national organization for Catholic union members, 1909 (Militia of Christ for Social Service); first Catholic labor school for union members (at Cincinnati 1920 or 1921, the author is not clear); probably the first Labor Day Mass (Milwaukee, 1913); and the first Catholic school for social workers (American Academy of Christian Democracy for Women, 1915).

Mary Fox, a Sister of Charity now teaching history at Mundelein College in Chicago, has written a scholarly, wise, stimulating, and occasionally moving account of this true pioneer in the field of Catholic social action.

Born of poor German immigrants on the East Side of New York, Peter Dietz seems to have been a moody, brilliant introvert with a strong and paradoxical sympathy for his fellow man. His career was a succession of shifts from one religious congregation to another, and then when he settled in the secular clergy, from one diocese to another.

In many respects he was the natural candidate for director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference when that body was set up in 1920. The fact that Father John A. Ryan got the job instead is probably a tribute to the thorniness of Father Dietz's personality.

From 1909 through 1922 this

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first of the "labor priests" attended all but one of the annual conventions of the American Federation of Labor. He numbered among his close friends some of the top leaders of that organization, such as Matthew Woll and Dan Tobin. In fact, it is ironic to note that these men who, on the basis of personal friendship, were so sympathetic to his purposes, were later so unsympathetic to the purposes of the ACTU, purposes which were almost exactly a replica of Father Dietz's. The reason for this was the involvement of the ACTU, in its earliest days, with the organizing drives of the CIO, an organization which even Father Dietz, by then removed from the labor movement in a small parish in Wisconsin, could not fairly appreciate.

The tragedy of his life, and the climax, was his falling out with Archbishop Moeller of Cincinnati in 1921, at the very moment when the AFL had designated his American Academy for Christian Democracy as its own official National Labor College. Unfortunately, Catholic members of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce were able to get to the Archbishop first. They turned his mind against Father Dietz as a troublemaker and teacher of "socialism" (he was actually rather conservative and violently anti-socialist). The Archbishop ordered Father Dietz to close his labor college and leave the diocese.

"For herein is the proverb true, 'One sows, another reaps.' I have sent you to reap that on which you have not labored. Others have labored and you have entered into their labors." Those of us who have reaped some little harvest, however meagre, in the field of Catholic social action, should remember with gratitude this man who labored so valiantly in the field when the ground was infertile and full of rocks.

PAUL THE APOSTLE. By Giuseppe Ricciotti. Translated by Alba Zizzamia. Bruce. $7.50.

THIS eminently factual presentation of the life and times of the impassioned Jewish leader who later brought the good tidings to the Gentiles is the work of a distinguished Italian scholar whose *Life of Christ* is widely known. The background and detailed historical narrative are both derived from the primary sources, but Father Ricciotti's manner of writing is on the informal side. To the unversed it may come as a surprise that about all we know directly about Paul of Tarsus comes down to us from the chronicler and Evangelist, Saint Luke. *Paul the Apostle* is neither a theological treatise nor a *ferverino,* but it is a substantial labor of love.

REVIEWERS

Vivian Mercier is an anthologist and critic who teaches at the City College of New York.

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